Vercingetorixa:

OR,

The GERMANE

PRINCESS

Reduc'd to

An Engliſh Habit.

By *F. B.* Gent.

Why Vercingetorix *we give*
Unto this Book for Name,
Know, German Princeſs *doth derive*
As By-blow *from the ſame.*

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCLXIII.

Vercingetorixa:

OR

The GERMANE

PRINCESS

Produced in

An English Habit.

By H. D. Gent.

Vercingetorixus of the
[illegible] Name,
Lord, German Princess deth derive
As By-blow from the same.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCLXIII.

To his good Friend
Mr. *F. B.*
Upon his *Germane Princeſs.*

IN Stories new, and Stories old,
Many Romances have been told:
One ſings the Fame of Cleopatra,
Caſſandra, *or of* Biles atra
Writes Satyrs, while in humour jolly
Another chants the praiſe of Folly.
Well ſure they did, in mine opinion,
Each to his Muſe to chuſe a Minion:
But thou haſt ſuch a Subject got,
As time fore-going ſhew could not:
A Princeſs in a ſtrange Diſguiſe,
That leads the world with ſuch ſurprize,
That Story of her with deſire
Has been expected Horſe to hire.
And ſince 'tis done, no more we'll ſay,
Our Thanks ſhall all thy Labour pay;
Acknowledging all former Tricks-a
Surpaſs't by Vercingetorixa.

T. M.

J. C. to the Author.

NOw that an Exile I am made,
And am eclips'd as Moon in ſhade,
Whilſt Pamphleters my Caſe do cry,
Pray, Sir, will you the Princeſs buy?
With her kind Husband, Man of Might,
Who's neither now a Lord nor Knight,
But is the ſame as heretofore,
When bound to Poſt of Scrivener's Door;
And ſo in Ryme the Wits do cry me,
Whilſt I do weep ſans Princeſs by me;
And now as wandring Knight am bound
To ambulate the vaſt Globe round;
Whilſt you 'mongſt all have done the right
To me J. C. no Lord nor night.
And now to you I ſend my thanks,
All that is left of Dowre in Banks,
For making Verſe to ſpeak true Story
Of me when in my hopes and glory.

J. C.

Dean Dunſtable in laudem Authoris.

PRaiſe thee I would, as Worth requires,
And offer Wood to make great Fires,

For

For joy that Dame is out of Newgate,
And is in Codpiece put by New-mate.
In Rime I never could do good,
Unless of that like Robbin Hood,
Or Hopkins *and his Neighbor* Sternhold,
Chaunted by me in getting Tayl-hold.
With Hat *in hand I render thanks*
For bringing in my May-pole *Shanks:*
For I in Pye had reading Finger,
But lost conjunction by their Linger;
And closing Mouth lay snug in House,
Watching for Jobb as Cat for Mouse.
But I have done, thy Wit shall fly
In and beyond my Deanery;
Never forgetting how Tale-Priest
Did humbly bow, and Garment kist.

W. S. Dean Dunstable,

à Deska Capellanus.

Skydder a *Brawle*, to the Author.

AS Phœnix *pearcht in spicie Nest,*
Perfuming thee to be burnt Brest,
Expecting when bright Sol *will burn*
The Bird, and her to Ashes turn:

So

So I expected have thy Rimes,
To satisfie the longing Times
And my Desires: thy Book shall lie
Pil'd up with my Welch Poetry;
And fame of Princes, Harp shall sing,
Plaid by Ap-Rise *on Cats-Gut string,*
To British Bards, my self being one
That shall the fate of Princes moan:
And now I thank thy painful Pen
For bringing Princes into Ken.
But when at large, my Rimes shall run
As swift as Horses of the Sun,
Or Goat on Mountain grazing hie,
Well coucht in Skyddero *Poetry.*

The Martial Doctor to the Author.

YOu that have done the Lady right
In Story true of City-Knight,
Who now is vanisht as the dust
Of Coffee made of burnt-bread-crust,
Who like Gonzales *with his Ganders,*
Or Thomas Coreat *now he wanders*
With thred-bare Cloak on the Ryalta,
Like to the Gadding Jew of Malta;
Or like St. Hugh *with's Bones at's back,*
And Tinker with his Trull and Pack,

Lamenting

Lamenting much his sad mishap,
And Lady-Princes unkind Clap:
Or whether he with anger blushing
Be gone to meet his Wealth at Flushing,
We'll not dispute, but let it pass,
Whether he be transform'd to Ass;
And onely speak of thy rare worth,
Which taketh pains for to set forth
(Since scribling Pens have kept a pother,
By telling Lyes all Truth to smother)
The Story whole, and dost indite
With Fancie nimbler then Joe Wright,
Your Wit being just of the same stander
With his that droll'd at young Leander;
And much I fear will spoile our Physick,
Since thou alone canst cure the Tissick,
With Rimes that cause in us such laughter,
'Twill break Impostures fine plaster;
And with the mirth of thy sweet Quill,
Dost quite undoe both Purge and Pill.
Then courage, Friend, and do not sneak
And fear what men of thee do speak:
But let those Scoffers who do spite
Thy jolly Muse, themselves go write;
Which being compar'd, the world must then
Allow thine far the brisker Pen.

To

To my worthy Friend the Author upon his GERMANE PRINCESS.

ONce a great Workman by his cunning Art
Did ſhape an Image like t' a broke his heart,
Had not Dame Juno *gratifi'd his skill*
In making it a woman to his will.
Another painted Grapes ſo to the life,
That it put all the Birds into a ſtrife
Who firſt ſhould taſte of them. But to ſpeak all,
Thy Pen has given their Pencil a fair fall;
And meerly with two colours, white and black,
Haſt laid their Pallas *flat upon her back.*
All which I apprehend now from thy Muſe,
Is that ſhe ſhould through all the world infuſe
Such a belief, that thou art the Contriver
Of all this Plot. *I durſt lay a whole Stiver*
It will be ſaid, The Princeſs *did but Act,*
And that thou wert the Author of the Fact;
Since thou haſt limn'd ſo to the life this Dame,
Whoere doth ſee this draught muſt needs proclaim
Of all men none could come ſo near the matter
As thou haſt done. You know I cannot flatter,
And thus conclude, There's nothing wanting there
But her falſe Dialect, Yaw, yaw, min here.

P. B.

VERCINGETORIXA:

OR,

The Germane Princeſs reduced to an Engliſh Habit.

NOw every one hath verdict ſpent
On Princeſs in the *Gate-houſe* pent,
And Scriveners Boy (pretending *Templar*)
A *Book* hath writ very exemplar,
Which he doth ſtile *Vindicative*,
And ſtrives his Folly to retrive;
Rails againſt Wives, Cheats, Wits and Arts,
Bawds, Pimps, Trepans, & Whores in Carts,
When in good ſooth by *Venus* Glaſs,
Before eſpous'd one clapt her——
And that he knew; (*but Love is blind*)
And Princeſs would not out of mind.
But hold (*Sir Prologue*) now let's enter,
And ſpeak of Story true th' Adventure.

When time was come that scribling Cit
Must walk abroad to try his Wit
Amongst *Peripatetieke Ladies*,
And kiss his hand to *Cheapside* Babies,
His Cloaths were brusht, Cloak laid in print,
And off was cleanly rubb'd the Lint:
His Joynts were Oyl'd as if for Match,
And on his Cheeks was sable Patch;
A Mark to know his Lordship by:
His Shooes were of the *Gresham* Dye.
So goes to Friend, and in a word,
Doth quickly borrow *Silver Sword*;
And when put on, pray tell who can
Where he or it was proper man.

Who made a good Bargain, had he received the benefit.

B'ing thus Accoutred, out he goes
In places clean, keeps dust from Toes;
And over Shoulders looks to see
Who eyes his City-Gravity:
At last unto the Exchange-Tavern,
Where Sack is kept in a dark Cavern,
The Youth comes in, and calls the Skinker
To shew a Room to good Sack-drinker.
But as on Dunghil Cock doth strut,
And proudly throws with Heels up Dirt;
So doth he walk with *Yeomans* grace,
Or *Poultry-Sergeant* carrying Mace,

Till

Till out of Window he was ſpide
By *One*, that after was his *Bride*.
It was a Princeſs in diſguiſe,
With am'rous Looks and piercing Eyes,
That lay there ſecret and moſt ſullen,
And lately had eſcap'd from *Cullen*:
As rich as *Cræſus*, and as fair
As any well-dreſt *Flanders* Mare,
And was to *England* come to wed
A City-Chick of the *firſt Head*,
Becauſe ſhe would no longer tarry,
And *Germane* Lord conſent to marry:
But as bright *Cynthia* with *Endymion*
In Love did burn and weep with Onyon;
Or *Cupid* with his Golden Dart
Venus wounded to the heart,
The Princeſs down in *France* did fall,
And in Teutonick 'gan to yall.
Th' Alarm given, the Servants ſtraight
Upon the Princeſs 'gan to wait;
And Lady Vintner did advance
To bring the Princeſs out of *France*.
But opening of her Eyes, ſhe cride
For Youth ſhe out of Window ſpide;
And ſaid, That now her Fate was done,
And ſtraight into ſtrange Paſſions run.

The Chamber then was clear'd of all,
And Miſtreſs ow'd as General :
In private then they did converſe,
And Miſtreſs pray'd *Her* to rehearſe
The' occaſion of her ſudden change,
And noiſe which reach'd to the Exchange.
With doleful Looks and weeping Eyes,
Half utter'd Words, and quaking Thighs,
She told her that in *Germany*
A man well read in things o'th' Sky,
(As *Britiſh Merlin*, Doctor *Fauſtus*,
Or *Lilly*, *Trigge* or *John Acoſtus*)
Her Fate had told, that ſhe ſhould Wed
With Engliſh Youth, and with him Bed ;
And in a Glaſs ſhew'd her by face
Him that her Highneſs Love ſhould grace.
The ſame ſhe out of Window ſaw
Before ſhe fell. At this the Maw
Of Vintners Wife began to riſe,
Bidding her Highneſs wipe her Eyes,
And be content ; for ſhe would bring
The Gallant up her Offering.
With that ſhe went unto the Lad,
Who ſate alone in Room moſt ſad,
Thinking and chewing the Adventer,
At laſt *Barre-Lady* ſhe did enter.

Sir

Sir Knight, quoth ſhe, pray cheer thy looks,
And mope no more like Don on Books;
But be as high as *Lord* or *Yeomen*,
And now begin to ſtudy Women:
For lovely Looks and gentle Grace,
Hath deeply wounded Princeſs face:
(I mean a Lady bred full high,
That hath eſcap'd from *Germany*)
And hither's come to lie in private,
And is reſolved you to drive at:
For ſhe was told by wiſe Magician,
(Well read in Arts, and great Phyſitian)
That little man with chitty face
Her Highneſs ſhould in Wedlock grace;
And *You* are *He*, as ſhe doth ſay,
That to the Church muſt lead the way.
Jewels ſhe hath, as Sanguine Ruby,
Onyx and Saphire with a blew dye;
Diamond and Topaz, with the Opal,
Emerald and Agate, Turquez; take all:
What ſhall I ſay? Sh'ath Gems in plenty:
Pray enter on her; Room is empty.
As Peacock in a Summer-day
Doth ſwell and bruſtle in his Gay
And painted Dreſs, and picks his Plumes,
But looking on his Feet he fumes;

So

So Gentle Sir arose from's Stool,
And look'd as wise as *Tom* the Fool;
And having set his Wig in print,
Careen'd his Cloak, and given hint
To Damsel for some Water clear
For Face and Hands, and hinde his Ear:
On Shooes Cole-black he cast his Eye;
But when the Dirt he did espy,
And saw the gloss of's shoon bedirted, (ted,
Good God! how's Worship fum'd & snor-
And rav'd 'gainst Mayors, Cities Shreeve,
The Scavenger and under-Reeve,
For keeping Streets in such a pickle,
Enough to hinder Conventicle.
But Maid with Dish-clout thither came,
And wip'd his Shooes, so ended blame.
Have you beheld the graver Fry
When to a Dinner they do hie?
How formally they walk at leasure,
And very tenderly keep measure?
When but for shame with Zealous Tears
They'd fly about the Custards Ears,
And out of order put the Feast,
Like Knavish Boy on Skittish Beast:
So walk'd our Spark in steps upright,
While Lady-Mistress usher'd Light:

But

But by the rowl of's greedy Eye,
He long'd for Principality.
When Feet into the Room he put,
A Leg he made to Princess Scut;
And kneeling on his bended Knee,
The Tears did fall like drops from Tree,
And said, What's, Lady, your Behest
To Servant newly come from Desk?
Say, gentle Dame, for by St. *Jervase*
My Pen and Ink shall do you service.
For I can write in Prose and Verse,
And can your Greatness well rehearse;
And have *sans* help of Writ or Patrin,
Acquir'd some ends of broken Latin,
And this by study very hardy;
And now believe I am not tardy.
Your Highness I desire to tell me,
Whether good fortune hath befel me;
And whether * *Dull-man* here on Knee
Shall of your Grace be seiz'd in Fee.
The words this Wight had scarcely said,
When she in's Bosome threw her Head,
And bid the weeping Lover rise,
And with her Clout to wipe his Eyes.
Then up he stood as tall as *Bevis*,
Or little Dwarf drest up for Mevis;

* *Observe he was well acquainted with* Ignoramus.

And

And did await Reply of Princes
While Heart in Belly kicks and winces;
Quoth She——
(odds,
Sweet *Ganymede*, for 'twixt you there's no
Thou'rt fit to carry Trenchers to the Gods,
And sit in *Juno's* Lap like Child in Cradle,
Or be a Groom to *Phœbus* horse in Stable:
From forreign soyle I come, crept out of
Cloyster,
And thee have found like Orient Pearl in
Oyster.
Do but consent, this Gem I mean to put
Into my Heart, like Pudding made in Gut:
For Lands or Livings, or Bags full of Mony,
Or Warrens stor'd with Cole-black Coney;
Or Coach that rattles in the street,
VVith set of Horses very meet,
I ask thee not, or test by Letter
Of Pounds laid into City-Checquer;
Or where thy moping doting Grandame
VVill leave thee Bags to spend at randame;
Or whether father purging Amber
Hath Bags pil'd up in Money-chamber:
Of these no wants I have, my DEAR,
For I have thousands by the years,
VVhich

Which thou ſhalt ſpend, by old King *Harry*,
If Princeſs thou'lt conſent to marry.
Juſt like the City-Excrementer,
(The Office-Emptier to the Venter)
When long Pole in the houſe he puts,
And fathoms not; Oh how he ſtruts,
Reck'ning the Quantity and Gain
To be convey'd in Carts, not Wain:
So greedy Knight when Tale had heard,
He lick'd his Lips, and wip'd * his Beard;
And having bleſt his happy Fate
That brought him ſuch a vaſt Eſtate,
Beyond the reach of City-wit,
Or learned Body Politick,
Like Statue made in Ginger-bread,
He neither mov'd his Corpſe or Head;
But ſtood like Bull bedight in Fair,
Or Monkey ſet up in a Chair:
And after pauſe, and pauſe was fit,
He fumbl'd out his School-Boy wit;
And in a ſtile moſt humble wiſe,
(Having like Pole-cat ſtar'd in Eyes)
He ſaid, Moſt lovely witty German,
Fairer then Negro, ſtrong as Carman,
I do conſent, and from this Toe
To Ivory Belly I will go;

* *Or place where he would have had one.*

And enter will thy Arched Cloyster,
That gapes for Liquor like an Oyster;
Where I will labour like a Brewer,
Or he that cleanseth common Sewer.
The answer of the worthy Squire,
Set Lady-Princess all on fire:
To Knight without delay she run,
And hugg'd him as the Childe doth Bun;
But whether Livery or Seizin
Was taken then, (as was good reason)
I cannot tell; but sure I am
London agreed with *Amsterdam*.
But I had almost quite forgot
Her Pedigree as broad as *Scot*,
Long as *Cadwallader* the fierce,
(That eats more Cheese then Barly Mess)
Or Low-Dutch *Hogan*, call'd *Van Rutter*,
With Breech of Bacon, Face of Butter:
Then she in private told young Lord
Of great descent in one bare word,
That she was pigged very high,
As from the Toe to top of Thigh,
Call'd *Vulva*, from *de Vulva* born,
As * from the Oak drops the Acorn;
And could compute from *Eve* the Spinster,
When *Adam* first advanc'd against her.

* *As 'tis elegantly express'd by the Author of Hero and Leander.*

But

But being in haſte, purſu'd by foe
That trac d her on the Petitoe,
Her Pedegree drawn out in Vellam
By Germane Herauld, yclep'd Skellum,
'Mongſt other things of worth unknown,
VVas into friends kinde Clutches thrown,
Till News was given of her arrival,
And that ſhe wedded Knight Corrival;
Her Goods and Plate full rich emboſt,
Should all be ſtript for Engliſh Coaſt.

Silence, my Princeſs, quoth this Knight;
For by the Sable Shades of Night
I'm ſatisfi'd as well as He
That ſtuffs his Guts on Apple-tree;
And haſten will our Matrimonials
By *Office Faculty*'s Teſtimonials.
B'ing over full with joy he farted;
And having kiſt her Lips, he parted.

Then came grave *Juſtice* ſage and wiſe,
That us'd at *Seſſions* to adviſe,
Sprung from the Race of *Cambrian* King,
VVho ſweeter far then *Bard* could ſing
Skyddur----A Brawle ſurnam'd the *Great Andrake*, renown'd for Martial feat.

Madam, quoth he, welcome on Shore
Of *Albions* Iſle: I'll praiſe thee more

Then blitheſt *Bard* that ere was drunk
With any * *Heliconian* Punk:
I'll make thy Name live when expir'd,
As *Phœnix* born from Neſt b'ing fir'd.
Then lowting low on bended Knee,
As if adoring Deity,
With holy *Zeal* and *Sack* inſpir'd,
Her Health he drank; and being fir'd
In lofty Tones and Verſe Prophetick,
With Ditty ſweet, and not Pathetick,
Her praiſe he chants, and did fore-bode
Great Race ſhould come from *Sable Pode.*
With that he roſe, and gave the Liquor
To Princeſs Goll, who gan to ſmicker,
Taking carouſe: it ſhall go hard,
She ſaid, but that I will, Dear *Bard,*
Thee much advance for thy ſweet Rimes,
Maugre the Poets of the times:
Thou ſhalt have Riches, and wears Bayes,
And Laureat be to ſing my praiſe.
Like Butchers Dog in Garden *Paris,*
That mows down Bears as Sythes do Harveſt,
And having fore contented Eyes,
Carry'd away the worthy Prize,
In ſtreets he walks cloſe to the Wall,
And ſnarls at's Fellows great and ſmall:

* *A Simile much uſed by him.*

So

So pufft-up Youth by Princeſs graced,
Look't big as Bull with Bull-Dogs traced;
And puffing ſwelling Sir, appear'd
As big as *Morgans* mighty Beard:
For ev'ry one he met on's way,
Although his Friends, yet would not ſtay;
But like a Begger born in Cot,
When Wealth and Riches he hath got,
Where ere he comes makes a great pother,
And will not know Father or Mother:
So Blade doth ſtrut upon his high Pins
Like Artiſt great well skill'd in Nine-pins;
Telling them now they muſt forbear
With fooliſh Tales to trouble Ear,
For he was many Stories higher
Since laſt with them, and now a Squire;
The beſt in all the Engliſh Court
Beneath him was for to conſort:
Emp'rors, Kings, Princes, Lords and Earls,
Should his Companions be, not Karles.
At length he came to Daddies Houſe,
And ſet him down as ſtill as Mouſe;
And Cocking Bever, look'd on Sword
That did return him ne'er a word:
Quoth he, *Bright Blade made of good ſteel,
If thou my pangs of Love didſt feel.

* *Note, that Knights errant of Yore uſed to make ſuch like Speeches to their Swords or Horſes: as you may ſee ſeveral in the Reverend Legend of Don Quixot.*

Thou'dſt

Thou'dst out of Scabberd draw thy Mettle,
And make more noise then Drum call'd Kettle:
But now I think on't, keep thy edge,
Princess to guard through Ditch & Hedge;
And when occasion doth require,
Be thou her Guardian and her Squire.

VVhen Mother heard her Infant tattle,
And to discourse * like Childe with Rattle,
To him She came, charging the Youth
To tell her all in sober sooth;
For that She fear'd he was * ore-lookt
By evil Eyes, or by some rookt
Into belief of strange adventure,
Which had occasion'd this distemper.

To satisfie his Mams desire,
And expectation of his Sire,
He did begin, and by-past Story
Repeated o'er like learn'd *Jack Dory*:
And pray'd his Parents by their leave
To keep't as close as Knife in * Sheath.

* As he that by strange fury led
With strange Chymæra's in his head,
Suppos'd himself to be a Member
In Commons house in times most tender,
Crept into seat, and took his place,
And boldly look'd on *Lenthals* Mace,

* *Love is always childish.*

* *Take heed of Fascination.*

* *whereby you may note, he intended to be a Courtier.*

* *Observe that Phrensie runs in a blood.*

At

At length discover'd for a Stray
That had leapt into Brethrens way,
And was ycleped Vintner Master,
That took the House for Common Pasture;
Voted he was for his offence
Unto the Pound, so carry'd thence:
So Parents hearing Sons Relation,
Were both surpriz'd in the like fashion;
Their thoughts being nought but Lord & Madam,
Ne'er thinking on poor delving *Adam*:
But time may make them chew the Cud,
And value Yokes in house of Mud.
Quoth Mother to her aged Husband,
Rejoyce with me, and put on clean Band;
For *John* our Son by Salmons Jowles,
Will rear up House as high as *Powles*;
And make us all by his Adventers
Get more them * *Urlyn* by Debenters.
Quoth aged Sire, My Dear, enough;
Pray send for Martial Friend in Buff,
And bid him bring with him his Cutter,
And Pocket Pistol: do not mutter,
But hasten to him; for by my Whiskers
More he shall get by this then* Glisters,
Or riding up and down the street,
Striking of fire with Horses feet.

* *One that traded very much in that Commodity, in Purchasing of the Kings Lands.*

* *Nott, that his Friend profest Physick.*

Bid

Bid him from me leave Turkiſh * Julep,
And drink Canary ſweet as Tulip.
For ſuch a Man of mighty Spirit,
Undaunted Courage beyond merit,
Our Son muſt have if's heart ſhould fail,
To undermine Princeſſes Tail.
At length the Gallant being come,
And Strangers all put out of room,
The old Man he aſſum'd the Chair,
By him his Lady, (foul, not fair)
Of one ſide young Lord ſits with Hat on,
On t'other Friend with Iron Cap on.
* Have you beheld the cloſe Committee
When *Oliver* trepann'd the City,
How Gravely they in Council ſat,
Like Puſs when ſet to catch a Rat?
So after ſilence and great leaſure,
The Daddy did unfold the treaſure
Of Fortune, Beauty, and Deſcent
Of Lady-Princeſs to be ſhent,
And ſnatcht away by Ink and Pen,
Like Chick by Kite from wary Hen.
When Friend had heard the full Relation
Of Princeſs come from forreign Nation,
And judging it a thing full deſp'rate
That Lady ſhould be made his Copes-mate;

* Id eſt, *Coffee.*

* *A ſit Alluſion.*

And

And in reſpect of high-born Linage,
And fortunes fair beſides within age,
Adjure he did the Youth with fear
To forbear handling Ladies Gear:
But being reſolv'd in Pate ſo addle
To win the Horſe, or looſe the Saddle,
He anſwer fram'd in terms moſt haughty,
To gentle friend that was not loughty.
Sir, If my Lady-Princeſs love me
As I do her, who can reprove me?
I am a man, 'tis true, o' th' Quill,
And uſe Blank Bonds to ſit and fill;
*But what of that? *Criſpine* the Cobler
Was lov'd of Princeſs, and did down-jobble her:
And many more I can relate
That have crept into the ſame ſtate;
*Been Generals, made Governors of Iſlands,
Lords of great Caſtles ſteep as High-lands:
And who can tell but I may be
Vicegerent in *High Germany*,
And have my Squadrons dreſt in Buff,
With Piſtol, Sword, and Sable Muff?
When Friend ſaw Youth as fully bent
As *Cutting Dick* when's money's ſpent,
That ſtands at corner of *Hide-Park*,
Robbing both Poor and Rich i' th' dark,

* *Of late theve hath been many ſuch examples.*

* *As theſe late times can teſtifie.*

He did forbear to reaſon further,
As much as Rabby 'gainſt ſelf-murther;
And ſaid, My Lord, pray no more words,
Unleſs of Cheeſcakes, Cream and Curds,
To be devour'd on Wedding-day,
* *Th beſt w'is my borrow.* When you are fine as *Green* * *Poppay.*
But by the way, to clear all doubts,
* *A Simile fit enough for the ſubject.* * As Maiden waſnes Infants Clouts,
And prevent ſtain on antient houſe,
Worſer then Beaſt on Cloak call'd Lowſe,
* *As it too truly fell out.* * Leſt Lady of the ancient Mannor,
Cali'd *Bloomsberry*, where lives no Tanner
Should dreſs her ſelf in Princely ſhape,
And you deceive like *Jack*-an-Ape:
Therefore.----
* *Would he had taken the counſel.* * Take my advice, and be not ſlow,
But ſtraight unto the Tower go;
See beaſt there Couchant called Lyon,
That fawns on Princes when caſt eye on;
Whereby you'll know if Princely born,
Or elſe his ſtern he'll whisk in ſcorn.
Quoth he,-----
No more of that, fair friend of Steel
Such Tryal, DEAR, muſt never feel:
For I do know ſhe's Princeſs ſtalk,
As ſure as Dames know *Grays*-Inne walk;

And

And further to confirm the truth
Of my believe, conceive me, Youth,
She'll not conſent, or me admit
With her to play at Game * Treytrip,
Till her great Riches do come over,
And Land within the Port of *Dover*.
Beſides, in penance once ſhe went,
And met fierce Beaſt that was unpent;
Who humbly kneel'd as Friend, not Foe
And all ore-lickt her ſweaty Toe.
So ended Gallants high Diſcourſe,
Being reſolv'd to run his courſe;
As is the Dog when ſet at Bear,
Or Groom attempting Ladies Ware.
Quoth he to's Friend, Sir, I cann't tarry,
For Princeſs I muſt forthwith marry:
Be cloſe as night, firm as the ground,
* (For Gag receive two hundred pound)
But not till money comes to *London*,
Then I am made, or elſe I'm undone.
But till I come to her Eſtate,
Be our Companion, and our Mate:
For I reſolve when we take Court,
And great Men to us do reſort,
Thy little Legs ſhall ſtrut in Hall,
And thou be call'd our General.

* *The ſame that Peters plaid with the Butchers wife.*

* *The more's the pity he made not ſure on't.*

Be Captain of our Guard of Horſe,
Of Troopers tall, fiercer then *Moſs*:
Shalt uſe our Court, Goods, Plate & Money,
And Princeſs too, excepting Coney.
When friend had heard this proffer great,
And how the Knight did him intreat,
And offer'd all ev'n to his Jerkin,
Excepting lovely Princeſs Merkin,
He was full glad that by the end
He had taken ſuch a real Friend:
And thanks to him he then did utter
* He was always too modeſt. *In manner ſmooth like new-made Butter:
Like Presbyterian, Independent,
When both reſolv'd to have *an end on't*,
They in their Canting Hymns did ſing,
And hand in hand did murther King:
So Daddy, Mammy, Friend and Knight,
In Judgement one did all unite;
And did agree without long tarry,
That Knight ſhould Lady-Princeſs marry.
But as the Council was adjourning,
The Lady-ſiſter enter'd mourning;
* It has always been the cuſtome of Knight-Errants to go in queſt after their Doxeys. Acquainting them that forreign Knight,
*With cole-black hair, & eyes like ſpright,
Had at the houſe enquiry made
For Germane Princeſs, and like Blade,

Or

* Or *Gallant a la mode* did ſwear,
That heart from body he would tear
Of him that durſt crack Princeſs *Nut*,
Or dare with her to go to Rut:
And whereſoe'er he found the Man
Should dare to uſher *Princeſs* hand,
His Arms he'd cut off to the bones,
And whisk out *Laboring*-Dog-Prick-*Stones*:
Withal he'd give two hundred pound
Princeſs to ſee on Engliſh ground,
That he might carry her to *Cullen*
With greater Joy then *Anne* from *Bullen*.
Have you beheld a *Millers* Coat,
The white Beard of a *Rammiſh* Goat?
A New *Thin* Cheeſe, or *Harry Groat*,
Or *New-turn'd Milk*, (that's very naught?)
So pale and thin lookt Princeſs ſervant
When he had heard the fierce Knights er-(rant;
Believing that his *Hangers* by
For bold attempt ſhould ſurely die.
The Houſe was all in Chitty Chatty,
And Heart of Knight went Pitty Patty:
At length aroſe the little Captain
To *Corps de Guard*, before mad Chieftain.
Courage, Sir Knight, quoth he, be bold,
And quit not Princeſs ſtrong tayl-hold:

* Like ſome of our Modern Hectors.

For

For by my flaming Sword of Steel,
This Brave ſhall Doughty Mettle feel:
Bid Lackey-Boy go call a Coach,
While I the *Knave* on Spit do broach.
The Coach being come, & Boot put down
And Lackey tayling Princeſs Gown,
Knight put her in as well as able,
And drove to houſe of *Dean Dunſtable*,
As tall as *Meg Weſtminſter* Laſs,
And of the make of *Caiaphas*;
Where he agreed to take a Room
For her, and him the good Bridegroom.
But had you ſeen the Mimick Geſture
Of Reading Prieſt in his long Veſture,
How humbly he did ſcrape and bow,
And lickt his Lips, (like Calf by Cow)
With Hat held under arm like Bag-pipe,
Stood he upright like man in Moon-light;
Acquainting in his Geſture featly,
That he could marry them moſt neatly;
And Churches more could have then Hearers
For to aſſiſt ſuch Love-Pickeerers:
And having ask'd advice of Prieſt
(Firſt charging him for to be hiſs't)
Whether 'twas lawful, fit or juſt
That Scrivener ſhould at Princeſs thruſt;

Pray

Pray think what ſaid the Prieſt hereat;
Indeed he ſpoke the words of *Pilate*,
Saying, I find no fault therein;
For Copulation is no ſin:
For by ſuch Jobs as theſe I'm richer
Then twelve Apoſtles, or St. *Peter*.
At laſt the Gallants took their farewel
Of Prieſt in Coat Canonical:
Having 'forehand paid durt for Lodging,
For he and ſhe to play hodge-dodge in,
If not prevented by Tongue-blabber,
Or Information of *Dutch* Swabber.
But being return'd again to *London*,
Enquiring out what Spyes had then done,
They found there freſh purſuits by Letters
To look out Princeſs though in fetters,
With promiſe freſh to give more Money
To him ſhould tell where lay Dear Honey.
At this the Knight was ſore affrighted,
And ſtar'd like Beaſt anew bedighted,
Knowing not whither he ſhould go
To ſhun purſuit of cruel Fo.
The Council being call'd agen,
And ſate as cloſe as ſheep in Pen,
It was reſolv'd at pale Knights inſtance
For to prevent a further miſchance,

That

That marry'd they ſhould be in Church,
And lie no more like *Dogs at Lurch.*
As Loyal-ſuff'ring Cavaleers
Were lugg'd about like Pigs by th' ears,
By people then, and yet call'd *Saints*,
Upon pretence of great Complaints,
And brought to *Haberdaſhers Hall*,
Where with Contracts they did 'um mall;
And *Moyer* with his Ferret-Eyes
As red as *Low-Dutch* Ladies Thighs,
Would with one blow of Wooden Hammer
Conclude, ſequeſter, and not ſtammer:
So aged Sire with Fiſt faſt clutched,
Gave Table blow, and wiſe Son mutched,
And bid him get him to the Church,
While he went home on Wooden Crutch.
In *Smithfield* liveth a Divine
That loves a Cup of brisk old Wine;
And, though Canonical, can tope
As well as he that plucks the Rope;
And loveth fleſh better then fiſh,
And eats of many a good mans diſh;
Pretending a Prerogative
In this to be Diſpenſative:
To him, the Knight, the Princeſs friend,
And elder Brother at the end,

Was

Was come along to see the Wedding,
And be eye-witness to their Bedding;
And joyful news to Dad to carry,
And words to hear, *I John take Mary.*
When Priest had set his face in fashion,
He finisht words of Copulation:
Which being done, they fell a grinning
As loud as Wench let loose from spinning;
And Parson too began to near
When eye he cast towards Princess Gear.
But License man in black had not;
Haste and the fear had it forgot:
But they must do as *Dick* with *Besse*,
Go to't and work *de bene esse*,
Till License was got seal'd before 'um,
They might go to't, though of the *Quorum*
Justice were by, they had satisfaction,
And being resolv'd for am'rous action,
They drove away to place call'd *Barnet*,
And with them took their Parson *Garnet*:
Where being come, they fell a eating,
And hungry Priest threw Wine & meat in,
Like Miser at a City-feast,
That eats ten Meals in one at least.
At length their Guts being stufft with food,
And all being set on merry mood,

The Parſon he took off his Girdle
That binds his Coat as Wyth does Hurdle,
And did begin to dance and caper
Like *Poppet* made up with brown Paper:
Princeſs began a *Germane* Dance,
And friend in Buff like *Mars* did prance:
The Lord did dance in order meet,
And Elder Brother on's bare feet;
An ancient Cuſtome where young Cit
Before his Elder——— doth hit.
At length the Couple went to Bed,
And Cap was put on young Lords head;
The Pullet too of Sack was eaten,
And Stockin thrown too, (all beſweaten.)
Which Ceremonies being ended,
And that days work by all commended,
The Parſon, Brother, and his Friend,
Bid him, Ride ſafe to's Journeys end;
And Germane Shins forbear to rub,
Leſt ſwallow'd in her Butter tub:
Wiſhing them ſport at very heart,
They left the Lord at Princeſs Mart.
The famous Couple thus at reſt,
And cloſely linkt as Birds in Neſt,
Friends did return, and fell to Toping,
While Lord his Princeſs was a Groping:

Good advice in a fierce Aſſault.

And

And elder Brother of the Lord
Being with Liquor over-goar'd,
Went and lay down upon his Bed
To reſt his drowſie drunken head,
While Captain and the worthy Parſon
So ply'd their Cups, they could ſee ſcarce
The Man of *Mars* told *John* of *Leyden* (one.
That he muſt down to fair young Maiden,
And Conjure down the evil Spirit
That Coney hunts as doth the Ferrit.
So down he went, and in a Bed
Cloſe on the ſides and over head,
He found the Kitchin-Damſel ſleeping,
But having wak'd her, he did peep in.
As ſubtle Fox, that crafty Beaſt,
When head gets in, brings on the reſt;
So he his body did get in,
And play'd with * two Bowls & Nine-pin:
And when the Game was fairly done,
Straight to the Parſon he did come,
And gave to him account of all
That in his Journey did befal;
Deſiring him in favour much
Not to acquaint the holy Church:
But Parſon blam'd unkind Companion
That he ſhould mount his Demi-Cannon

* *A very ancient Game, and much in uſe.*

'Gainſt Maiden-fort, and let him not
At hairy Sconce to have one ſhot.
When morning-light began t' appear,
And day was nois'd by Chaunticlear,
The friends and Parſon went to Room
Where lay the Bride and the Bridegroom;
And as they enter'd Princeſs ſmil'd,
But Knight did look as *Owl* parboyl'd,
And like to Bulruſh hang'd his head,
Being more fit for Grave then Bed.
The friends did pity Knight ſo little
* When they ſaw him in ſweating pickle;
Then Martial Doctor ſtept to Knight,
And praid him ſhortly to recite
His laſt nights labour with the Dame,
And where the Mare held up her Mane.
At this young Lord began to weep,
And Doctor praid counſel to keep,
For that his Princeſs with hot force
Had ſpoiled quite his Water-courſe.
No more, quoth Doctor Steel-Cap then,
There's Cure for you as other men:
In four days time I'll cure your Tool,
And make it ſound as Oaken Stool;
Therefore ariſe, ſhew ſignes of mirth,
And pay reſpect to Royal Birth.

* *Belike he came out of the Princeſs Stove much like to Cornelius his Tub.*

An unkinde Bed-fellow

Having

Having receiv'd this good advice,
He put on Garments in a trice;
Yet *walk'd like one late all besir'd,
Or like a Horse that's newly tyr'd:
At length being full of Country-air,
Back to the Town they did repair;
Where being come to Fathers Court,
Their friends in Clusters did resort,
To kiss the Hand of Princely Dame,
Meerly for love of Royal Name,
VVhilst Lord was clearing of the way,
And access to his Princess gay;
Telling them Proverb very old,
By others to him long-since told,
That after high attempts and pother,
*He had got the Steerage of her Ruther;
And now that maugre all her friends,
Of Princely Dame he had his ends.

A Banquet then was well dresst out
To entertain the City-Rout;
VVine too was given to them in Glasses,
And *drink* they did, and *bray* like Asses,
VVhile Lady-Princess lookt as mute
As doth the Privy Lovers Lute.
The Banquet ended, friends departed
You may conceive not heavy-hearted,

And

*Blame him not, for he came from hot service.

* He might safelyer have cunnde a Ship then her.

And mounted were in Streets I ween,
As *Bergerack* was in *Moon-machine*.
When houſe was clear'd of all but friends,
On Princeſs there was further ends
Intended to be done in inſtance,
Marri'd to be again with Licenſe,
For to prevent the Lawyers bawl
In Court Eccleſiaſtical:
The which was done, and then old Sur
With Inſtrument well drawn *ſans* blur,
Reciting Princeſs *Earth* in hand,
And Perſonal Goods about to land,
Deſir'd the ſame might be made over
To *Lord his Son*, and her great Lover.
To this he hop'd ſhe'd not be ſhy,
Being to prevent Mortality:
Sir, quoth the Princeſs, I'll conſult
My Pillow, and give you reſult:
But till I die I think not fit
To part with *State* or *Wealth* one bit:
Beſides, your Son's to me but light wood,
And ha'n't receiv'd *Honour* of Knighthood;
Though in regard of my high Birth
He's called Lord, with Caps to th' Earth:
And judge, pray Sir, when friends arrive,
And ſee their Princeſs *Scriveners* Wife,

Will't

Will't not diſparage high deſcent,
As Garters in Rump-Parliament?
Like Childe rebuk'd crying for Knife,
Stood Father without Soul or Life;
Or without Fodder Cow in pound,
Or Ape in chain with whip ſcourg'd round.
At length he ſpake to Princeſs face
With home-ſpun Language, Coblers grace:
May't pleaſe your *Highneſs*, *Daughter*, I
No harm did think moſt verily.
Quoth ſhe, Pray, Sir, no more of this,
We do forgive what is amiſs; *A Princely Pardon.*
And for to ſatisfie your Will,
Time and his Love ſhall it fulfil.
At this, *Old Eighty Eight* was glad,
And ſtraight acquainted Lord-like Lad,
And of Diſcourſe for future Good,
And how his Lady was all Wood:
But ſaid, they ended in pure Love,
As time to him would ſhortly prove.
Being thus ſatisfide at large,
As City-Dames in husbands Barge,
With *Tommy*, *Willy*, *James* and *Jack*,
While good men cry, Pray, what d'you lack?
The Father with content fetche down
In Bags full ſtuffed many a Crown:

Bid

Bid him to treat her like her self,
And let her not to want for Pelf,
Or Garments new the best in fashion,
Or *Hide-Park*-air for recreation;
And to attire his Lordships Body
With Silks and Sattins very hoddy;
And Lodgings new in *Strand* to take,
And Prepatations great to make,
To entertain his Royal Kindred,
VVhich now his little *Palace* hindred.

The Lord with Money in his hand
Did trip it neatly to the *Strand*,
And house by house enquiry made
Of Lodging void for Princely Blade:
At length he took up Princes Stall
In *Durham-yard* at Golden Ball;
And thither she in trice was brought
As safe as Cheese in Apple-Loft:
And in good sooth she did appear
Like *Sol* in his bright Hemisphear,
With Gold and Silver all bedight,
And in a Case of Gold, the Knight
VVell shap'd by Painter of Signe-post,
Like Antick in gilt VVood emboss,
Hung by her side when enter'd Lodging,
To shew she'd caught a City-Gudgeon:

VVhere

Where being lodg'd, on the next day
The Trades-men set in good array,
Did humbly crave his Lordship straight
For License on his Corps to wait:
One to serve Shooes, another Linnen;
Stockins a third by Loom or Spinning:
A fourth to fit his Pate with Bevers;
A fifth with Swords as sharp as Clevers:
A sixth to make his Periwigs;
A seventh to teach the newest Jigs:
An eighth his Garments for to make;
A ninth to cure the pain Tooth-ake:
A tenth Sweet-powder for to bring,
For Hair and Beard, and Ladies Thing:
A 'leventh and twelfth to furnish Meat,
As Flesh or Fish, old Ling or Neat.
Gentlemen, quoth this worthy Knight,
To me this is a pleasant sight,
And sweeter far then *Hampshire-Honey*,
In places sold for store of Money:
For I rejoyce to see my Servants
For to attend and run on Errants;
And as Dame Fortune gave to me,
So I to you, as you shall see.
Your places take, which is no hard thing
* To be admitted without *Farthing*.

*He scorn'd to sell places; a custome now very à la mode.

Next day the Knight did want a Gown
To dreſs him in, not *Ruſſet* brown,
Or ſcribling Coat more rude then Freezes
That's homely made of * *Villain Fleeces*,
But Indian-Dreſs of Pink and Green,
Fellow to that on *Great Buck* ſeen;
Which being on, he lookt as ſtout
As Gem well faſten'd in Hogs Snout;
And did contemn his trueſt friends
That did aſſiſt him in his ends,
And ſlight he did the Art of's Pen,
And all converſe with vulgar men;
And Captain True-Friend was laid by,
And ſlighted with a ſcornful eye:
The Owner of the Silver Sword,
Of Weapon could hear ne'er a word:
Theſe the Lord hated by pure Argent,
As much as broken *Cit* a *Sergeant*;
And at Bo-peep with them did play,
* At home to morrow, not this day:
Sometime employ'd in great Concerns,
When he was cutting Princeſs Kerns:
At other times diſpatching Orders
To's Stewards on the German Borders,
Requiring an account of Wealth,
And of his Couſin-Princes health.

*The Fleeces of Wool taken off from Scabbed Sheep, 31 Edw. 3. Cap 5.

* *As great men uſe to do by their Duns.*

But

But while in *Puff-Paste* Lord doth strut,
And studies onely Back and Gut,
Dame Fortune wheel'd her tayl about,
And turn'd his *Lordship* to a *Lowt*:
For Shooemaker by a Petition
In Court did humbly pray admission
To serve them with both Boots and Shoon,
As well to ride as for to run:
But Princess seeing the Address
Of bold Sir *Hugh*, she 'gan to guess
His Errand thither, telling Lord
He Calve-skins cut upon her word;
And that she could not fancie him
'Mongst all the Race of Cobling Men.
The answer of the Princely Spouse,
Hugh and his Bones did forthwith rouse;
For he did kindle like a Taper,
And lookt as pale as any Paper;
And having vindication made
Of Paring-Knife and Awle, (sharp Blade)
Goodness of Leather, Wax and Thred,
And able Work-man called *Ned*,
He packt up Tools, and went his way
With stiffned Whiskers, Beard of Whay,
Contriving in his Horny Pate
Malice against the Lords Bed-mate.

The next day Lord went to *Hide-Park*,
With him his Princess, (light not dark)
For she did shine as bright as Sun,
But Lord did look as sad as **Dun*,
When but one *Hector* doth appear
To help expende of following year;
Though they were treated in the Park
By Ladies great, and many a Spark;
Giving right-hand to Royal Madam,
And great respect which much did glad 'um.
But coming home unto their Court,
Sir *Hugh* to Lord did straight resort;
Told him he could relate sad Story
Would make him weep in all his Glory,
And curse the time that ever he
His *Hawke* at *Hobby* did let flee:
Enough to put him into Lax,
Not to be staid by *Goblers Wax*.
The Knight did wonder what he meant,
And praid him to declare intent
Of his address: for he did make
His Teeth to clatter, Knees to shake.
Why then, quoth he, your Lady gay
Is *Kentish* breed, and *Crowders* Spray;
And marri'd is to a Shooe-maker
That is no Gobler or Translator.

* The common Hangman.

And hath to bout (take't not in Dudgeon)
Another Husband call'd a Surgeon;
And you in order make the third,
For Princess is not worth a ----

This made the Lord to fume and fret,
And water drop like Sable Jet
For he did whine and howl like Dog
When at his Tayl is Wooden Clog;
And sad mishap did oft recount
Of this to-be-imagin'd Count.

Have you beheld the *Jack-an-Apes*
With Bears and Dogs, his constant Mates,
When Horse was set upon by Dogs,
Being resolv'd to pluck off Lugs
Of little Gentleman in Coat,
How gallantly with them he fought?
Sometimes the Horse was down, and he
Was brought upon his little Knee;
Then up agen he'd get to Grupper,
And with his Jaws begin to mutter;
Thence to the head, and so to side,
And could not at one place abide;
At length being tir'd as well as able,
Crept to his *Noose*, and shut the Saddle.
So gude *Mal John*'s wint hope and fear,
Was entertain'd with the like Chear.

And

And I dare say by his fierce screeches,
He* *Atkinix'd* his Wedding-Breeches.
The Lackey-Boy was sent away
To Father and to Mother; Nay,
His Sister too, the good Match-maker,
Of Story true must be Partaker:
Who being come, the Lord did tell
His sad mischance, which made 'em yell,
And to exclaim 'gainst Germane Lady
That had abus'd poor little Baby.
At last they went into Bed-chamber,
Where Princess lay like Dog in Manger,
Till aged Sire did her importune
The truth to tell, if such a fortune,
Or where she was a Germane Princess,
Or who had taken her by th' Inches
'Fore Son did enter Lower Quarters,
Or who wore *Senior Coblers* Garters
When he did marry her in Church,
And who she lam'd and brought to Crutch;
And who it was besides did scrub her,
And what the Surgeon was did *probe* her.
This fierce assault did make the Lady
To stand as mute at Joynted Baby,
And was surpriz'd to hear the Gabble
Of this connext and joyned Rabble,

* *A Story so well known, it need not be told again.*

By

By which the women thought her guilty,
With hand and knee they hilty-tilty
Moſt ſhamefully did her aſſault,
Which made her Royal Back to halt,
VVhilſt *antedated* Lord ſtood by,
And like Boy whipt did ſnob and cry:
At laſt Old Man as fierce as *Hector*,
Having more of Henbane then of Nectar,
Lay'd hands upon the Ladies Garments,
Jewels and Rings, and her Attirements,
And Gouty Shank was held aloff,
And new Silk-Stockins plucked off:
In fine, they ſtript her to her Smock,
So fine, you might have ſeen her Nock.
Then much deſpis'd by bawling Litter,
Which made before their Chops to twitter.
When all Indignities were over,
In *German Veſt* they did her cover,
With *Juſtacore* and a *Night-Rayle*,
And Pettycoat all black to th' rayle,
The ſame reſerved by Ships maſter,
VVhen ſhe eſcap'd from forraign Cloyſter,
Thence brought 'fore *Godfrey* not of *Bullion*,
For this did uſe her like a Scullion;
And ſo by Beadle ſell and Hoſtile,
He ſent her to the Gate-houſe *Baſtille*:

VVhere

Where being come, the Gates flew open,
For to receive *Dutch Fro Van Slopen*,
As great Companion come to dwell
In Priſon cloſe much like to Hell.

The noiſe of Princeſs cloſe reſtraint,
Sent perſons great to hear her Plaint:
But when they heard her to diſcourſe,
They nettled were like Pamper'd Horſe;
And did applaud her high-bred Parts,
Not to be equaliz'd at Marts,
Or Ladies ſome with face like Maple,
That ſpend their time in tittle-tattle,
With great reſpect they did her treat,
And ſent in Money, Wine and Meat,
And Bribes to Keeper to be civil,
As he that Candle holds to Devil:
Where I will leave her to her Fate,
Still great, though in confin'd eſtate:
And for her high-conceited Lord,
When Reputation he had ſcor'd
On *Tick* and borrow, then he went
To Chamber where he Body pent,
Believing German Knight would call
His Lordſhip to account for all
His baſe abuſing Princely Dame,
And uſing her with ſo much ſhame:

And

And Parents full with ſhame and ire,
Did mope and dote like Cats by fire,
But ſtay, my Muſe, now hand is in,
Ore Boots and Shooes; thou'lt never lin,
Though thou be grown as dull and weary
As *Sculler* at the Laboring Ferry:
So ceaſe at preſent, and let end,
For this time working feet befriend,
Till ſecond part in *Canto* quaint,
Shall write of Princeſs cloſe reſtraint;
How long in priſon ſhe did ſtay,
And who for Liberty made way;
How ſhe was brought fore Learned Bench,
And treated like her ſelf, (not Wench)
And how ſhe in moſt learned guiſe
Defence did make, (to thoſe are wiſe)
Pleading her Cauſe like fluent *Cato*,
Or Advocate with a bald Pate-o;
And was with great applauſe acquitted,
And Father, Son, and all out-witted.
This ſhall be ſung in the next Part,
As ſecond courſe to cheer your heart.

The Princess to her Lord: a Farewel.

THere was a time when Skinker Perkin
Leapt into Prince *from a Freeze Jerkin:*
Time also was, as't has been sed,
When Fryar Bacon's *brazen Head*
Spoke monstrous things; but We *do tell*
Of stranger things that have befel,
How pretty Monkey in disguise
Held * Pescod *in her Mouth as prize.*
Oh fatal time! how couldst thou be
So cruel in thy Managery?
More fierce then erst thou wast to Fellow,
Who though in rage with Drink more mellow,
Did all his forepast Fancies deem
Of Drunken brain the passing steem.
Oh my sweet Pescod, *prethee think*
Like him, that all thy hopes was drink.

* *A Name she much used to call her Lord by.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 2. lin. 8. read *Check.* l. 14. r. *properer.* p. 7. l. 17. r. *Trance.* l. 22. r. *Trance.* p. 4. l. 2. r. *aw'd.* p. 11. l. 10. r. *ship.* p. 23. l. 9. r. *dust.*